

The ShÃ©ron Chronicles

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Summary: The Ellimist took Elfangor back to his duty, but that wasn't the end of his adventures.

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>
By blablover5

>A biography of ShÃ©ron-Stargoot-Arans <hr>

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Prologue

My name is Prince ShÃ©ron-Stargoot-Arans. I am an Andalite, a female Andalite. We are a race of beings who travel the stars. I am a quadruped, a four-legged animal, with four eyes. My extra set of eyes are on stalks atop my head. I have an upper body much like humans. But I have no mouth; instead, I use thought-speech to communicate. It's a lot like telepathy. I eat by crunching up grass and then absorbing it through my hooves. The type of protection that Andalites evolved with is a fast-action tail with a scythe blade at the end.

We also have an interesting technology that allows us to morph into other animals. First we have to absorb the animal's DNA, which we call acquiring. Then you can morph that animal for the rest of your life. But with this gift comes a terrible curse. If you stay in a morph longer than two Earth hours, then you shall be trapped in that morph forever. People who become trapped in a morph are called _nothlit_s.

We use this terrific technology to spy on our enemies. For we

Andalites fight a great enemy, the Yeerks. We fight the Yeerks because we released them into the Universe. A kind Andalite named Seerow gave the Yeerks access to technology that would allow them to travel in space.

The Yeerks are not what they seem. They are in fact a parasitic slug species that controls the hosts body by going inside of their brains. First they took over the Hork-Bajir, even though we tried to save them. They also made an alliance with the evil Taxxons, who agreed to be made into Controllers. Now they are trying to take over a lovely, beautiful, planet called Earth.

Now, you might be asking yourself, what would an alien be doing trying to save a simple planet like Earth. The truth is that I am connected to this planet in so many ways that it seems like home.

Right now I am hovering in orbit around Earth. I am alone in this shuttle, because I came alone. Earth has lots of water, more water than I have ever seen on a planet in my life. I was getting ready to land, but I knew already what I was going to find.

There it would be. Elfangor's final stand, the place where he fell. His son will also be there. Elfangor's son doesn't know that his father is in fact an alien.

That is one reason why I am here, but another is that I want to say goodbye to Elfangor. He was killed by Visser Three. Elfangor's younger brother will be there also. Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthill. I've never really known him that well, but he should be a lot like his brother. Who I happen to know very well.

I am now ready to tell the whole truth about as to why I am on this planet. This is my _hirac delest_-- my final statement.

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Chapter One

It all started the day I met him. He was standing there just staring at me. I guess he was just checking out the new neighbors, but I found it really annoying.

When I was young, I was skinny and usually covered in some type of mud or water. My fur was a shade of blueish-purple, and I was what humans call a tomboy. Most females do not have very fast or strong tails, but I was not like most females.

I went right over to him and said, < Hello. My name is ShÃ©ron, and I just moved here. >

He said, < Hi. My name is Elfangor, and when I get older I want to become a Prince. >

I said that I want to join the Andalite military too. He just stared at me and laughed and laughed. My blood was boiling. I was so mad at him I slashed my tail through the air in a blink of an eye straight to his throat. I just asked him what was so funny.

Elfangor and I grew to be good friends. We would spend our childhood together, practicing and training our tails. I was born with speed, but I had to build up strength and muscle in my tail. As I got older, I grew muscles up and down my body. My fur became a most shocking purple, which no amount of mud in the Universe could hide. I was told that I became one of the most beautiful Andalites in the Universe. I have a very superior strong tail, but most males did not seem to notice that until it was too late.

When we were both the right age to join the military, I went with Elfangor to the draft board. I just walked through the door, overly prepared to beat some young Andalites. I knew they weren't going to just let me in. At first they thought it was a joke, but Elfangor convinced them to let me at least try.

We spent a couple years learning all about ships and the occasional tail training. The only way to pass would be to win in a tail fighting contest. Elfangor was first and he won. Then I had to go up against him. Elfangor was already in, but I had to beat him to get in. He was easy, but then I had to go against a Warrior. I defeated him barely, and now I had to beat a Prince. It was close, but I parried when I should have thrust, and I lost. But I was in, since I had beaten Elfangor.

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Chapter Two

Both Elfangor and I got to go home, and spend some time with our families. When we got our assignments, Elfangor and I found out that we were going to be separated. I was assigned to the _TailFighter and Elfangor was assigned to the _StarSword. __

__The _TailFighter was ordered to handle the solar system that has nine planets orbiting its one sun. ____

__I was new, but because I defeated the Warrior I was given a chance to go down on a planet. We landed our shuttle just outside a primitive city. Unfortunately, we were spotted by a bunch of humans. I thought that just before we erase their memories I might as well get a new morph. I created a joint morph out of about seven different people. Then we erased their memories, got some more fuel, and left. ____

__After two months, I was promoted to Warrior and was assigned to the _StarSword. There I met up with Elfangor; apparently he was also recently promoted to Warrior, but he didn't want to describe why. We worked together very closely on strategic battle plans, but there was one time when he did something very personal. He asked me to become his _shorm_, his best friend. I was honored and agreed. ____

__Later that month, we ran into Visser Three and we decided to try something risky. We were going to fly right at the ship, get inside their shields, shoot, and pull up just in the nick of time... we hoped. ____

__I saw the signal from Elfangor and I powered my engines. ____

__I was a much better shot then Elfangor, so I aimed for the more important systems on the ship. We were about five hundred thousand miles away from the ship (a very small difference, at these speeds), and closing fast, when we started firing. __

__Then I heard the Evil Visser's thought-speech. I turned my stalk eyes to Elfangor's fighter, and I noticed that he wasn't turning.

__

__< Elfangor, Elfangor! Get over it, or you'll be dead! Get OUT OF THERE! > Luckily, his fighter began to turn away, and barely missed the Blade ship. __

__We had done it, and we were still alive. __

__We both headed back to the Dome ship for repairs, while the rest of the Warriors took care of the Yeerks. __

__We headed up to the Dome part of the ship to feed and drink. When we got up there, we were both informed that we were promoted to Prince. I looked at Elfangor and saw the excitement in his eyes, and we touched tails. Touching tails is a sign of excitement, like slapping hands, but it also can be a sign of affection, like a kiss. I realized what I was doing, so I pulled my tail back very quickly and made it look like I was interested in something on the ground.

__

__I looked up at Elfangor, and I saw his fur begin to run together to form skin. I let out a little cry of surprise before I realized he was morphing human. __

__Morphing is looked upon as bad practice unless it's completely necessary. I just sat there stunned, but something inside of me told me to morph, and I did. I felt my tail go limp and dead. Then my stalk eyes went dark. My front legs shriveled up and I could feel myself falling backward. Elfangor caught me before I hit the ground.

__

__I was done and I turned to face him. He had dark hair, and crystal clear blue eyes. The most curious thing about him (and all humans) was his mouth. __

__I couldn't believe I was doing this. If anyone came in they would find two creatures trying to keep their balance on two legs. Elfangor began to walk to me like he had been walking on two legs his whole life. __

__Then he took my face in his hands, and pushed his lips against mine. It was the most exciting thing I have ever felt. __

__I sat there, lost in the moment, for who-knows-how-long. __

__I suddenly became overly paranoid about our surroundings. I turned to the dropshaft and began to run to it. I tripped and fell, and when Elfangor came over to help me I began to morph my old body. I got up and ran as fast as I could to the dropshaft, and then straight to my now-larger quarters. __

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__Chapter Three__

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I didn't want to think about what had just happened. I didn't want to think about my sudden new feelings for my best friend. I didn't want to think about the joining. I also didn't want to think about maybe having to leave the military, my new home.

The next day we were ordered to the bridge for our presentation of Princehood. I had to come from farther away on the ship, so Elfangor beat me to the bridge.

The bridge is circular in shape and has control panels linked to the ship on all but one side. On the middle wall is the viewscreen, which was currently positioned at deep space. The captain stood in his usual spot in the middle of the bridge and Elfangor stood to his left. He signaled for me to go stand by Elfangor, and I did. There were lots of Warriors standing around.

< Out of this terrible battle rose two great Warriors. They ran a suicide mission, but survived, and now it is my pleasure to present to you Prince Elfangor and Prince Shãron. >

I stood there while our title of Warrior was switched to Prince in the computer. We left the bridge after the presentation, and went to the Dome for our morning ritual. I stood in the up shaft waiting for Elfangor to say something, but he stayed silent until we were alone on the Dome.

< Congratulations, > he said. I could tell that he was testing me to see exactly how mad I was.

All I said was, < Thanks, forget about it. > I glanced over at Elfangor, and saw fear in his eyes. < Don't worry Elfangor, I am not mad, but we need to talk. > I led him over to an empty, quiet, dark area of the Dome.

< All right, what do you want to talk about? >

< Why? WHY!? >

< The truth is that I've never had the same feelings for another Andalite as I do for you. >

< Oh, yeah right! I remember you during training; you went out with just about every girl you could! >

< Yeah, but very recently I've... grown up. >

< What are you talking about? >

< I have something I need to tell you, about that time when I disappeared. >

Elfangor told me a tale about time travel, hate, Visser Three, Earth, and Loren.

< I also have a son. >

< Do you know what he looks like? >

< No, the Ellimist pulled me away before Loren could even tell me I had a son. >

< You've had this bottled up inside ever since..... I am so sorry.
>

I had a sudden urge to comfort Elfangor, but before I could even grab his hand, Warrior Heron put his arms around both Elfangor and my shoulders.

< So, what are you two new Princes talking about? > Heron is like a big thorn in my side, and he never leaves me alone. He just likes being annoying and getting in my way. One time he charged at me and I 'slipped' and gave him a scar across his shoulder.

< Oh, nothing, just about friendship. Oh, wait, you don't know anything about that, now do you. >

< How do you dodge her thought-speech missiles anyway, Elfangor? >

< She likes me, Heron. >

Heron turned to leave, but before he did he reached for my hand. Instead of grabbing my hand he almost ended up with a bloody stump for an arm. My tail was quicker than lightning, but cutting up Andalite arms wasn't exactly looked upon as good nature.

< Sometimes I'd just like to teach him a lesson in manners, the hard way. >

After I was done feeding, I had to report to the cargo bay. The Shredders on a bunch of fighters were completely burned out and needed to be replaced.

The Shredders are the heaviest piece of equipment on the fighters, and aren't exactly fun to haul around, but someone has to do it. As it turns out, the new Prince Elfangor was ordered to the bridge, probably to just stand there and bask in the glow of the captain. I was in charge of the operation, but when one of the workers broke his leg, I had to take over for his work.

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Chapter Four

When it was time to quit, I was so tired I just wanted to go to sleep, but unfortunately I still had to eat. I wandered slowly over to the up shaft and shot straight up to the Dome. I didn't even run to eat; instead, I slowly walked across the grass, slowly crunching it up. Elfangor came galloping toward me at an exasperating rate.

< You wouldn't believe what I've been doing! On the bridge the captain asked me for some advice! It was amazing! >

< Uh-huh. >

< I am not exactly sensing too much excitement coming from you. >

< It's just that I am really sore and tired. Listen, I think I'll just go to my quarters and sleep. >

I turned to go, when I noticed Heron galloping toward me. I was way too tired to even talk to him, let alone challenge him. I looked at Elfangor with my main eyes and asked him, < Would you like to accompany me? > The whole time I pointed my stalk eyes at the oncoming Heron.

We wandered over to the dropshaft, and flew to the seventh deck.

< Listen, I don't exactly know where your quarters are, so you'd better lead me. >

We came to my door and I quickly swept the hallway searching for Heron. When I didn't see him, I walked into my room and said goodbye to Elfangor. That wasn't the end of my adventures for the day, though.

I slipped into a deep sleep, but I still left my stalk eyes open. I was breathing heavily when my stalk eyes sensed light.

Someone had just entered my room! I was wide awake now. I picked up my tail and walked slowly into the middle of my room. I called out, < Who's there? >

< Shãron, it's me, Elfangor. >

I reached over and turned on the light. < What are you doing here? >

< I just wanted to see how you were doing, since you looked really tired before. Are you sick or something? >

Then it hit me. This wasn't Elfangor, since the _real_ Elfangor would already know why I was so tired.

I slashed my tail straight to the Elfangor-impostor's throat and told him to demorph. He knew he was beaten, so I watched as Heron emerged from Elfangor.

Security came and got Heron. They took him to Medical, where they were going to take the morph of Elfangor away from him. They would induce an artificial _hereth illint_, but with Elfangor touching Heron at the time so that the ejected DNA would be reabsorbed into Elfangor instead of creating a second creature based on Elfangor's DNA. Heron will very likely be discharged from the military.

Both Elfangor and I will have to report to the homeworld to act as witnesses to what happened. It is a capital punishment to morph another Andalite unless it's absolutely necessary. This was the last thing that anyone wanted, but it had to be done, so Elfangor and I borrowed a shuttle - the _Jerwan_ - to fly us to the homeworld.

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Chapter Four

This shuttle had the latest engines, so it would get us home in about twelve days, or one Andalite week. Heron was going to be sent later than us, so we were just needed to give our statements. Then it's back to the _StarSword. _

_< So I guess we're going home, huh. You probably can't wait to see your parents and your little brother Aximili. > _

_< I'd rather stay here and fight some Yeerks, but I volunteered to give a statement too. > _

_< Oh yeah, you think I am real excited about going home and having to confront my father? > _

_< He should be excited about the fact that you are the first female to ever pass the tests and get into the military. > _

_< You'd think that, wouldn't you. > I sighed. < We're ready to go, engines engaged? > _

_< Check. > _

_< Then let's get our tails home. > The shuttle shot out of the ship and I engaged the thrusters. After we were a ways away from the ship, Elfangor said, _

_< I think that's far enough, let's get into Z-space. > _

_I told the computer to send the _Jerwan_ into Z-space, and then I turned my main eyes away from the computer. I was tired, I hadn't really gotten one wink of sleep last night. There were so many questions about what happened. _

_< I think I am going to go to the back and get some sleep, before my eyes bug out of my head. > _

_Elfangor's answer was a grunt and a little nod of the head. He was busy sending our coordinates, and the reason we're going home. _

_I turned to go, but I never made it out of the control room. The floor suddenly turned right on me, my knees buckled, and I hit the floor. I pushed myself up and hollered _

_< What did you do!? > _

_< Nothing! The starboard engines just cut out on us! > _

_I got up, ran over to the control panel, and said, < That isn't possible, these engines are only about three months old! > _

_< Well, they died. Have you shut down the rest of the engines? > _

_< Not yet, just give me a minute. > _

_The world stopped spinning and the shuttlecraft came to a dead halt. We stopped about ten thousand miles up from a planet's atmosphere.

_

_< Whew, that was a close one. > _

_< Taken a little bit longer and we would have been space dust. Are you all right? > _

_< Yeah, I'll live. It's not like I haven't fallen before. > _

_I wandered down to the engines, opened up the bulkhead, and found a bunch of cut wires. < Elfangor, someone has sabotaged our engines. > I had a funny feeling that I knew who the culprit was. _

_< Heron, but how could he have done it? > _

_< I don't know, but I have this feeling that it was him, that's all. > _

_< Those wires were cut pretty neat, and in just the right spot. You know Heron's a computer whiz. All he had to do was find the control junction from the starboard engines to the fuel and sever them. > _

_

_< Yeah, but how did we get out of the ship without spinning? > Elfangor asked. _

_< We still have our thrusters. > _

_< Yeah, but how did we get the engines going? They should have just keeled over. I think the saboteur is on board. > _

_< Listen, I... > _

_I quickly stopped speaking when I heard a thud coming from up above. I raised my stalk eyes up and watched the bulkhead tremble a little bit. Elfangor was staring at the bulkhead, but at the same time giving me an 'I told you so' look. _

_That certain panel was not automated, so we were going to have to slash it out. _

_< One... two... three! > We each cut out a section of the panel with our tails. The panel fell to the floor with a deafening clang, but the saboteur didn't. We sat silent for a few minutes, but we didn't hear any more trembling. _

_The first problem that we were going to have to worry about would be the engines. I grabbed some magnification equipment along with the repair kit, and headed off take care of the damaged wires. _

_I zoomed in to see the code-numbers on the wires to replace them, but I found something more interesting. < Elfangor, come down here and take a look at this. > _

_< All right. Now, what am I looking for? > _

_< Take a close look at those wires. > _

_I reached over and zoomed the lens in by another one, at medium magnification. _

_< Can't you see how jagged the ends are here? > _

_< Yeah, so what? > _

_< That means that they were chewed off instead of being cut off. See, when anything is cut it stays smooth until you get to high magnification. We're only at medium mag, so they were chewed off. > _

_He put the eyepiece down, turned to me, and said, < By a very sharp-toothed animal. > _

_< I don't understand, how did any animal get on board this ship? It should have been sizzled to a crisp. > _

_< I know why. ShÃ©ron, why don't you run some DNA tests on the wires to see what kind of animal is on board? > _

_< Aye-aye, Captain! > _

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Chapter Five

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I found a small piece of hair and ran it through the computer. While I was waiting for the analysis, I realized how the little animal snuck in. It was an Andalite in a morph. The computer finished crosschecking, and I informed the 'Captain'.

< Elf, the creature on board is a type of rodent. It has two long sharp front teeth which it uses for chewing. It's about eleven centimeters long and orange-reddish in color. >

< That's enough, ShÃ©ron, and please don't call me Elf. >

< So, how are we going to catch this Andalite? >

< I am going to block off the control room and set the shuttle to create a force field around anyone who morphs. >

< I'll get the needed wires to fix the engines, and be in the control room in a jiffy. >

< No! I want you to greet our little stowaway. >

< All right, > I said with as little excitement as possible.

I replaced the wires and waited for the clock to wind down to two hours. If the saboteur didn't morph after two hours, he would be stuck as a rodent. Suddenly, I saw the alarm light up.

He was demorphing. I reached over to a control panel and found out the force field was going down in the back near the fuel lines. I ran

back there as quickly as I could. I leaped over anything in my way and got to the door. I picked my tail up, ready for action and I walked through the door.

I let out a little gasp as the captain of the _StarSword demorphed from a little rodent. _

_< Very good, you two discovered our little ploy in record time. You work very well together. > _

_< Elfangor, ELFANGOR! Get down here now. Listen, that is very nice of you to say that. > _

_Right then Elfangor came galloping through the door with a Shredder in his hand. _

_< Elfangor, I'd like for you to meet our saboteur. > _

_He got a confused look in his face, and he kept glancing from me to the captain with his main eyes, while his stalk eyes kept close tabs on the captain's tail. _

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Chapter Six

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>Three days later....

As it turned out, the whole episode was just a ploy to test us on our Princehood, and if we could work together under pressure.

< Listen, Elfangor, I am telling you that it was all set up, the busted engines, the rodent, Heron, everything. >

< Oh, just shut up, > Elfangor whispered, mostly because we were on the bridge and I felt like bugging him. After the captain was completely done morphing, Elfangor had to contact the ship three times to confirm the captain's story.

< I would like for you all to turn your eyes to the screen, if it's at all possible. > The captain was giving me a sort of humorous look, and Elfangor looked like he was going to be sick. I turned my attention to the viewscreen and I saw a beautiful array of blue and green mixed together. There was a nebula right in front of our ship.

< It is called the Valocina nebula. We have been ordered to chart it as a possible hiding place from the Yeerks during a battle. Princes Elfangor and ShÃ©ron, I want for you two to take the _Jerwan_ into the nebula and chart all of the uninhabited planets. There is only one that is completely safe to land on. It is the fourth planet from the edge of the nebula. >

< All right, see you later, Captain. >

< Let's get going, ShÃ©ron, before the captain throws you out the airlock. > Elfangor whispered so no one else would hear.

I guess he said it a little loud because the captain said, < Oh now, I don't think I would throw her out of the airlock, mostly because her father would come after me. >

Elfangor snuck away quickly, and I followed, leaving the captain going through a laughing fit.

As we walked down the corridors I snuck a quick look at Elfangor, and he was extremely angry at me.

< I was only kidding around. >

< You really should act more serious around Andalites who outrank you. >

< I am sorry. > He just kept walking, I don't think he even heard me.

We got to the shuttle bay where the _Jerwan_ was being held. The shuttle bay was enormous in height. It would have to be, to hold the extremely large _Jerwan_. The _Jerwan_ was like a bubble with two long engines, one at each side. There was an engineering crew scurrying about, fixing this and that.

< It's all ready to go. You can take her out now, > said one of the engineers.

A door right on the front of the ship popped open and we entered. I walked over to the helm and checked to see if everything was ready.

< Green lights across the board, Elfangor. We're ready to go. >

< Power up the engines and open the hatch, > Elfangor ordered.

I moved my hand and the _Jerwan_'s engines began to glow blue. The hatch opened and we left the _StarSword_. _

_< Should I set our coordinates to the fourth planet from the sun? > I questioned, not sure if Elfangor wanted to survey the planet or map the nebula first. _

_< No, let's map the nebula first. > _

_< Then it's straight to the middle of the nebula, right? > I asked, trying to get back on Elfangor's good side. _

_< Right. > _

_I keyed in the coordinates, and wandered to the back to get something to eat. _

_< ShÃ©ron, I am sorry I snapped at you before, It's just that I have a lot on my mind, that's all. > _

_I turned around, which is not an easy thing for a quadruped in a shuttlecraft to do. Elfangor was standing there, staring at me with his sharp green eyes. All four of them. _

_< No, you were right. I should be more serious. After all, I am a Prince. > _

_Suddenly Elfangor began to laugh. His silent laugh filled my head, and I began to laugh too. _

_< What's so funny, Elfangor? > _

_He never got to answer my question. The shuttle began to glow, and then it started to spin. Elfangor slipped and plowed right into me. There we were, two Andalites continually spinning in a shuttle. Legs were flying everywhere. _

_I had to end some of the madness, so I grabbed a Shredder, aimed carefully, and blew up the artificial-gravity generator. Instantly Elfangor and I were released from the floor and found ourselves floating. _

_I wasn't sure which way was up, and the shuttle kept spinning madly around us. I pushed off of a wall, and got up to the control room.

_

_< Something shot at our engines, and there's nothing that I can do. > _

_< Shãron, are we anywhere near that planet? > _

_< Yes. I think I can bring us in for a crash landing. You'd better brace for impact. > _

_The _Jerwan_ began to turn toward the planet, but the hard thing was going to be getting us to go forward. Luckily the port thrusters still worked, so I got all energy I could from weapons, backup life support, everything, and threw it all into one big jolt. The shuttle rocketed forward. _

_< Arrrrgghhh! > _

_We were both thrown into the back of the ship. I could feel the heat as the ship began to enter the planet's atmosphere. I looked out the front of the viewscreen, and watched as the ground rushed up at us.

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Chapter Seven

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We landed. I picked myself up off the floor of the _Jerwan_, and tried to get to my feet, but I felt too woozy and slipped back down to the floor.

That's when I discovered that I was bleeding from a large cut in my forehead. I knew we were on the planet, but the shuttlecraft kept spinning.

< Hey, hey... be careful, you took a mighty bad fall, and cut

yourself up real bad. >

Elfangor ran over to me, carrying a medical kit. He closed the wound on my head, while I asked, < How long have I been out? >

< Oh, only about five minutes longer than I was, but I don't know how long I was down. >

< How's the ship? >

Elfangor put down the equipment he was holding. His face had a stern, scared, look. He then asked, < The truth? >

< Yes, the truth. >

< I don't think you could even salvage her for parts, let alone get us home. >

I let out a thought-speech sigh. I leaned back against the floor, and looked at the inside of the _Jerwan_.

Computer panels had been torn off of the walls, things were scattered all around the room, sparks were flying everywhere.

< If only I wouldn't have given us such a big jolt, this probably wouldn't have happened. >

I pushed myself up, picked up a case of food rations, and said, < Oh well, at least no one died. Come on, we'll set up a homing signal, and then create a little camp site for us. Is there any grass out there, Elfangor? >

< I don't know, I haven't really left the ship yet. >

< Well, let's go find out. >

The door was jammed, so I told Elfangor to stand back, picked up a Shredder, aimed, and fired. The door was no longer in the way.

We stepped out into a barren wasteland. There was no grass to be seen. The planet was covered with sand, rocks, and dirt. Its sky was a dingy, dark, brownish-yellow.

It was also extremely hot. I could feel myself dehydrating right there. I turned to look at the _Jerwan_, and it looked even worse on the outside than it did on the inside.

One of it's engines had been torn off completely, and the other one had been cut in half. There were rips and dents all around the hull. Elfangor wasn't kidding when he said the _Jerwan_ wasn't salvageable.

We began to walk away from the ship. After we walked about fifty yards, I found a perfect spot. There were lots of rocks hiding away a little area.

< No wonder it's uninhabited, there's nothing out there to eat. It's a good thing we brought lots of supplies. >

Elfangor turned to me, set his food rations on the ground, and said,

< Yeah, but how long can we live on dehydrated grass? >

< I am not sure, but I do know that I am hungry right now. >

I leaned down, opened up a packet, and set it on the ground.

I placed my hoof over it and began to eat. I would have had liked having an open field to graze on instead of this package, but oh well.

< Come on, let's set up some tents or something. >

I turned to pick up a piece of material to serve as a tent, when I remembered about the homing signal.

< Oh geez, I left the homing device on the ship, now I'll have to go back and get it. >

I turned to run to the _Jerwan_, when I became a little dizzy.

< You are in no condition to go for a run; I shall go back and get the device. >

I caught myself on a rock before I tipped over, and said, < Fine. >

< Um... ShÃ©ron, the device is in the back near the engines, right? > I gave a little nod. < That means that it's probably fused into the engines. I'll just cut them free with a Shredder. >

< Are you crazy, that is a sensitive piece of equipment! I don't care what you say, I am coming with you. >

I got up and followed Elfangor. When we were about halfway to the ship, I paused for a minute, because I thought I heard a sound.

I never really saw it, but I sure did feel it. What I had heard was a sort of dart being shot at me. It hit me right in the shoulder.

< Arrrrgghhh! >

Elfangor stopped, and turned around, < What is it? What's wrong with... > He froze for about two seconds.

< Would you mind pulling it _out_? >

< Sorry. > He reached over and grabbed the dart, and pulled with all his might. The pain was excruciating.

< Arrrrgghhh! Is it out yet? >

< Yeah it's out. Come on, let's get to the _Jerwan_ and... > Suddenly the _Jerwan_ burst into flames! < Duck! > I grabbed his shoulders and hauled him out of the way of a falling piece of debris.

< Thanks. Whew. I think that would've hurt a little bit. >

< Elfangor, this is... was... the homing device. >

< ShÃ©ron, what is going on here? >

< I don't think we're alone on this planet. >

Elfangor and I headed back to our camp site. The _Jerwan_ was blown to pieces, and the homing device was charbroiled.

< Oh, there's nothing that I can do. We're as good as dead. > I threw the tools I was using as hard as I could.

< Now come on, it can't be all that bad. Here, let me try.
>

Elfangor reached over across the rock where I had set the homing device. He grabbed a tool and began to fiddle with it.

< Man, it sure is hot out here, > I said.

< Oh, I don't know, I think it's kind of nice. > Suddenly, a huge spark shot out of the homing device. < Whoa, that was a big spark.
>

Elfangor gave up after he was nearly electrocuted, and then he came over and stood by me.

< I am sure they will find us. After all, we are Princes. >

I kept gazing out at the planet. I had a funny feeling that I was going to spend the rest of my life here. < I wish I could believe you, but I just have this terrible feeling. > Elfangor gazed at me with his stalk eyes, and then he got a very worried look.

< What? >

< Shãron, are you all right? >

< Yeah, just a little hot. Why? >

< Because you're sweating. >

< WHAT!? > Andalites do not sweat, not unless if we are either very sick or very _very_ hot.

The world became dizzy right then. I started to fall, and I had no hope of catching myself.

Luckily, Elfangor had kept his eyes on me the whole time, and at least slowed down my decent.

< Elf... that dart, it must have been poisoned. >

< Shãron, can you morph? >

< I... I am not sure, let me try. >

My fur began to run together. I was morphing, but I had to keep my concentration, or else I might pass out. Elfangor kept cheering me on until I was completely human. I was tired after that, so I looked up at Elfangor, said good night, and fell asleep right on the dirt.

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Chapter Eight

I could feel myself being shaken.

< ShÃ©ron, come on, don't do this, you have to morph now! >

"Huh.... what...." I slowly opened up my two eyes. Two eyes? Where are my stalk eyes!? Oh, yes, that's right. I am in a morph. I had forgotten.

< Morph now, you've been out for nearly two hours! >

I began to morph quickly. "Why didn't you wake me up earlier?" Elfangor perked up his ears. "Why..."

< Shhhh... > Lucky for him I couldn't talk, because at that precise moment I lost my human mouth. Then I heard a noise too. It sounded like some rocks falling.

< Elfangor, over there. >

I was completely Andalite, and I pointed my tail toward the south end of our camp. He was up and over there in a flash. Elfangor picked up my Shredder on the way over there.

He pointed it into the dark shadows where the intruder was hiding, and said, < If you don't come out of there I'll shoot. >

I watched as slowly a small alien creature scurried out from behind the rocks. It sort of looked like a Hork-Bajir. It had rough, brown, scaly, skin, and it walked on two legs. Only it had a long tail in the back. It was a very short creature, only came up to about my waist, but he had these long, tough, muscular, arms that he used to steady himself. His feet didn't look all that large, and other than his eyes, he only had a small slit for a mouth or nose. His eyes were small, and they were sunk into his head. He was obviously from this hot and dusty planet.

I was going to go over and stand by Elfangor, but I was scared that I might fall, and the creature might get away, so I stayed put.

< What do you want!? > hissed the creature. Apparently that little slit on his head was not for a mouth, since he had thought-speech.

< What are you doing here? > asked Elfangor.

< What are you talking about, it's my planet! > demanded the creature.

< Yes, we know that. We didn't mean to land here, but our... Ahhhhh... > Elfangor began to rush over to help me. < No, I am all right. Our ship was shot at, so we had to land here in order to survive. >

< Then you're not here to colonize our planet. >

Elfangor gave me a sympathetic look, as I pulled myself back to my feet and said, < No! >

< Then I feel very sorry for you. >

< All we want to do is go home, > I pleaded.

< I think we can arrange that, but... but the purple one won't be able to go home. >

Oh no. I knew exactly what he was talking about, but Elfangor became aggravated and demanded, < Why not!? >

< The poison inside of her has no antidote, and she will die in two days. >

I felt like I was floating, like the announcement of the end of my life had been nothing more than a dream.

< No, there has to be some kind of antidote. I mean, what if one of your people gets hit? > questioned Elfangor.

< Then they die. I am sorry I can't help you, but I will take you to our council. They can give you a ship. > Everything was getting fainter and fainter, until all of a sudden I blacked out.

The road became long and bumpy. After I had passed out, Elfangor made a stretcher to carry me on. He took down one of our tents and attached it to two poles. Then he loaded me onto it; the whole time, I was unconscious.

< Oh man, it feels like someone jumped on my head. >

< Shãron, don't get up, you have to stay down. If you do, the poison should slow down. >

Elfangor gave me a look which said exactly what he was feeling. He was scared, more than just scared, he was terrified that I was going to leave him. I laid back down and became comfortable, but I wasn't going to go back to sleep. I wanted to hear what was going to happen to me.

< What happens after she becomes dizzy? >

< She will then become tired, then the poison will get into her mind and she will begin to see things, finally the poison will kill her brain, and she will die. >

< Not if I can help it. > Elfangor muttered it under his breath, but I could still hear him, and from the way the creature jerked, I think he did too.

< How far away are we from your council? > I asked.

The creature turned to me with a surprised look, like I shouldn't even be able to talk, and said, < It's not too far. We should be there before nightfall. >

The minute those words left his mouth I felt a rumbling beneath me. < Hey you guys, I think that something large is coming this way very

fast. >

< Oh no, it's the Crelantch! >

< The who? > questioned Elfangor.

< The Crelantch are a race of very large, very stupid beings, who eat us to survive. They may be dumb, but they sure are fast. We have to get out of here now! >

I glanced around until I noticed a cave. < Hey, Elfangor, what about in there? > I pointed toward the cave, and I was quickly dragged over there by my hero.

It was dark and damp in the cave, and the rumbling became worse until stalactites began to fall on us.

< Arrrrgghhh! > screamed all three of us. Then the outside of the cave became black as the creature passed us. His foot was huge; it had to be at least four meters in diameter.

We stayed in the cave for a while longer, until the rumbling was so distant I could barely even feel it. The alien creature had to leave us to eat, so now it was just Elfangor and I.

< Elfangor, I am sorry. >

< For what? >

< For calling you Elf before. >

< Shãron, I had completely forgotten. I guess that I am just really worried about you. >

I leaned forward off of my stretcher and stared at all of Elfangor's eyes. < I am not going to die. You know that I will fight this poison with all that I have. >

Elfangor got up and backed away from me, stepped over to a rock, and then looked up at me.

He was now starting to scare me. I think he had given up all hope of me making it home, like he was deciding if he should leave me here or not. It must have been that creature who had told him to leave me here.

< Elfangor, I don't think that you should trust that alien. >

< His name's Suran. >

< Whatever, I don't think Suran can be trusted. >

< Why do you think that? >

< I don't know, I just have this feeling. >

After I said that, Suran came from around the corner and sat down. Elfangor walked over to him and began to talk. I wasn't sure what he was saying, because they were talking to quietly.

I was bored so I began to search through Suran's things. There really wasn't anything all that interesting... until I found a Dracon beam!

Dracon beams are the kind of handheld weapons that only Yeerks use. I froze. That means that we were going to trust a Yeerk with our lives.

Elfangor had noticed me and questioned, < What's the matter with you? >

I wish I could have told Elfangor, but with the Yeerk standing right next to him, that would have been total idiocy. Even though I could speak to him privately, his reaction might give us away.

< Nothing, I am fine. >

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Chapter Nine

The sky became a darker yellow, when I went to sleep, but I wasn't really planning on sleeping. Instead I was going to stay up and watch the Yeerk.

Elfangor was down and breathing heavily, when the Yeerk began to move. He went north, and I tried to follow him, but to my dismay I found my foot tied to Elfangor's wrist. I pulled and tugged, but I couldn't come loose.

< He said that you would probably try to escape. >

< What are you talking about? You're letting him get away! >

< Shãron, you're delusional, come on just go back to sleep. >

< But Suran is a Yeerk! >

< Sure he is, now come on, let's go back to sleep. >

< I'll never go to sleep, not until I prove to you that I am right. >

< What makes you think that Suran has a Yeerk in his head? >

< I found a Dracon Beam in his bag. >

< What were you doing in his things? >

< I don't know, but you have to believe me-- he is a Yeerk. >

< Just go to sleep. >

< But...but.... > Elfangor gave me the saddest look, so I quieted down.

About an hour passed before I made my move. At first I morphed into a small buglike animal that I had acquired earlier while we were on the

trail.

The first thing to change were my legs. They began to get skinnier and skinnier until the rope fell off. I turned right around and began to morph my own body, and then I followed Suran's tracks.

They looked like they had just been made, because there was no wind that night. I crept along, making sure that nothing in front of me could see an Andalite, while I used my tail to wipe away my tracks.

I froze for a couple seconds to hear if Elfangor was following me, but all I heard was his heavy breathing. Elfangor was fast asleep.

I walked over sand, rocks, and dirt. I had to stop constantly to catch my breath, and to try and to subdue the pain in my head. My vision was beginning to get blurry, but I had to push on.

What was that? I froze. I thought that I had heard something coming from behind me. I swung my stalk eyes around, but it didn't help much.

< Who's there? > I asked. My voice was becoming shaky, and I didn't want to sound scared. Maybe I had just been hearing things. Maybe I _am_ starting to become delusional.

No, I can't start to disagree with myself, you're fine, just keep going.

The path that I was on looked like lots of people had crossed there before, like a trail. I followed the path until I came to a mountain.

< No, no, no, something has to be here. Hey, what's this? >

I had found a little node sticking out of the mountain. I reached up and pushed it.

At that moment, everything came alive. A door opened out of the side of the mountain. I knew what I was going to find, but I walked over there anyway.

There was a long set of stairs, and lights lined the ceiling all the way down. I knew where these stairs led to-- the Yeerk Pool. I had to find some proof that this place existed, and show Elfangor. I am afraid to say that the Yeerks would notice an Andalite coming down the stairs, so I guess I was going to have to morph that bug the whole way.

I stepped onto the stairs before the door closed. I concentrated on that bug. I was scared that the instincts of the insect would be stronger than me in my weakened condition, but I had to get some kind of evidence to show Elfangor.

First my back became hard as a rock, and then it puffed up like a balloon. My arms shrunk to about eleven centimeters in a matter of seconds. Then an extra set of legs popped right out of my stomach. My tail didn't disappear, but it did shrink, while my scythe blade was replaced by a type of claw.

I was shrinking at an incredible rate, and my head was becoming adjoined to my now-hard back. A pair of wings sprouted out from underneath my back, and I listened as the last changes took place inside of my body.

This bug was used to sunlight, so it wasn't scared of the overhead lights. The mind really wasn't all that bad, and I was now sure that I could handle it. I tested my wings, and then I took off down the long staircase.

The smells were terrible. I never really did care all that much for Yeerk Pools, anyway.

All I had to do was go down, get a drop of 'water' from the Yeerk Pool, then go up and demorph. Simple as that.

No one really seemed to notice a bug flying down to the Pool, and scooping up some water. I had to suck up that stinky-smelling evil water into my mouth to carry it.

My eyes were terrible. They were compound, so I could only see a couple of inches in front of me. I flew back up the stairs, and then had to demorph to open the door by pushing another node. I had planned for this, however, and had brought a small container on a string, which I had left inside, next to the door.

First, I spit into the container, and then I morphed. I morphed in the shadows, but I was still afraid that someone might see me. When I was done, I picked up the container, sealed it, and tied it around my neck.

I turned to go, when I thought I felt something being pressed against my back leg. I became sleepy, and then I fell into total blackness.

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Chapter Ten

I woke up tied to Elfangor's wrist again. What happened, did I really go to the Yeerk Pool? I am not sure, it all seems so fuzzy now. Elfangor woke up, and then he untied my leg from his wrist.

< I had a good night's sleep. How about you, Shãron? >

< I... I am not sure. > Elfangor seemed to be arguing about something, but he said nothing further.

< Elfangor, where's Suran? > I don't care if last night was a dream or not, I still thought that he was a Yeerk.

< I am not sure. Why are you asking, do you still think that he is a Yeerk? > I didn't want Elfangor to keep being mad at me, so I pretended I didn't know what was going on.

< What are you talking about, Elfangor? >

< Last night you woke up, and you were raving about having to follow Suran, because he is a Yeerk. >

< Oh, it must have been a bad dream, that's all. > I pushed myself up and walked over to my stretcher. I turned around to look at the spot where I was laying, when I found my container full of Yeerk 'water'.

So it wasn't a dream, but how did I get here? The Yeerks must have found me, and carried me up here.

< Elfangor, Elfangor-- > No wait you'd better not tell him, he may not believe you. I think that something was clouding Elfangor's judgment. Like these aliens have the ability to persuade people to do things, and believe things, that they want them to. If that's the case, then we have to stop the Yeerks from taking over this planet.

< What do you want, Shãron? >

< Oh, nothing. > I can't die, I have to stop Suran before we get to his 'council'.

Suran came from around a rock, and kept shooting glances at me. I didn't want Suran to know that I knew for certain that he's a Yeerk, so I acted like I was confused about something.

I laid down on the stretcher, and then Elfangor grabbed the other end, and we were off on the trail again.

My head was swimming; I found it difficult to concentrate on what Elfangor and Suran were talking about. Suran was pretty much trying to see if Elfangor thought or knew that he was a Yeerk.

< What's wrong with Shãron... other than the poison, I mean? >

Elfangor turned and gave me a look of pity, and then said, < Oh, it's nothing. She just had a bad dream, and has been hallucinating. >

I took that comment to heart, because I wasn't hallucinating. I had proof that Suran was a Yeerk.

< So, Suran, how long till we get to your council? > Elfangor asked.

< Hmm. Oh, not long. As a matter of fact, we're almost there. >

I wanted to stay awake to listen to all of their conversation, but I had to conserve my energy just in case I have to battle any slugs. I leaned back, and became comfortable.

The last bit of conversation that I heard was Elfangor asking, < So, does you planet ever get any visitors? >

I slept for about two hours, conserving my energy for the large task at hand. I was going to have to somehow escape out of here, find a ship, then drag Elfangor along. I had absolutely no plan, and to top that off, I still had to stop the Yeerks from 'colonizing' this planet.

< Hey, wake up, sleepyhead, we're here, > Elfangor yelled so loud I think that the captain back at the ship heard him.

< Yeah, yeah, I am up, I am up. > When I opened my eyes, though, I saw the first signs, ever since we landed on this miserable planet, of life. There were walls that surrounded us on all sides. Very, very high walls that looked like they were made out of mud.

I was dragged down something that sort of looked like a corridor, only there was no roof. I could still see the yellow sky.

How much I missed my own homeworld. Our blue-green grass, and that lovely red sky with yellow patches. I may never see that again.

We were taken up to the stairs of a large mud building.

< I want for you two to wait here while I go talk to the council.
>

Suran ran off, leaving Elfangor and I alone at the stairs. I couldn't understand where all the people were; I mean, this place we were in looked a lot like a city.

< Come on Shãron, let's get out of here. >

Slowly I turned my stalk eyes to Elfangor. What was he talking about?

He helped me up to my feet and said, < Now's our chance to escape from these Yeerks. >

Elfangor and I ran down the hallway until we came to a gate. < Whew... Elfangor, where are we going? >

< I saw a ship just outside of these walls while we were walking.
>

I was totally out of breath, but I didn't notice because I was completely confused about Elfangor. < Elfangor, what made you believe me? >

He stopped trying to open the gate, and turned to me. < Last night, I was worried about you, so I followed you to the Pool. >

< Why didn't you help me? >

< Oh, I really had hoped you wouldn't ask that question. If I would've tried to help you then we may have never found this city, or that ship. But... but I did follow them to make sure they didn't hurt you. >

I could tell that Elfangor was uncomfortable, and I didn't want to push the matter further. < Come on, let's get this gate open, and get out of here. >

Elfangor had watched how the creatures open and shut the gate with a lever, while I was still sleeping. We both pulled and pulled on it, but it wouldn't budge. We stepped back from the task, obviously beaten, and then Elfangor began to morph.

< Human? Why in the world are you morphing human!? >

< We are going to need strong arms to open the gate. >

Elfangor grabbed the lever, and pulled with all his might. The door began to open, until all of a sudden an alarm went off.

Little tiny creatures started to come pouring out of everywhere. The gate was open only a smidgen, but we should both still make it through.

I turned and looked at the creatures, who call themselves the Zeldan, which I later found out. They were all holding blowguns.

Not a single one of them was holding a Dracon beam. Elfangor, still in human morph, ran through the crack first. Then he reached back in to help pull me out.

I felt a little prick on my tail, but no time to worry about that now, we had to get out of there. The gate started to close, and I jumped through as fast as I could. Elfangor reached his hand through the space and pulled, and I was out. I fell forward and landed on my side. Elfangor started to demorph, when he noticed the dart in my tail.

< Geez, don't these people know when they've shot someone with their poison before? Ahh... obviously not. >

Elfangor pulled the dart out and started to examine it. < What's so interesting? >

< Oh, it's nothing, I just have this feeling that the Yeerks aren't too far along on this planet. >

I pushed myself back up, and we began to walk to the ship.

< Yeah, I know what you mean. Did you notice that not a single one of those creatures had a Dracon beam? Instead they were all carrying blowguns. >

We had to climb a hill, and it wasn't easy. That extra poison seemed to be slowing me down, and that was the last thing that we needed.

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Chapter Eleven

As we got on the top of the hill, I could see the ship that Elfangor had been talking about. It was tall and narrow, with four fins on each side. It was the color of red, and had a type of window on the front.

< How are we going to fly that thing? >

< It shouldn't be too hard. After all, it is only Yeerk technology, > Elfangor boasted.

< You really shouldn't underestimate the Yeerks. After all, we have been at war with them for a long time. >

I swiveled my stalk eyes around to look behind me when I saw a whole bunch of Zeldans running after us.

< Elfangor, we have to get out of here now! > We took off running toward the ship. It was about a dozen yards away when three Zeldans jumped right in front of us.

Elfangor's tail slashed out one of a Zeldan's eyes. I picked up a rock and heaved it at one, while the last Zeldan drew a Dracon beam.

Now he was most definitely a Yeerk. The Zeldan aimed at Elfangor, but he was never able to fire.

I slashed his whole hand off with my tail, and then we kept running to the ship. I turned to look, and I saw about a third of the Zeldans following us as compared to before.

The real Zeldans had stopped chasing us after we took out two of their own. While the Yeerks just never stop trying to chase us down.

We got to the ship, and we climbed up a type of ramp to the top. We were going to get into the ship, but an Andalite was standing in the way.

This was no Andalite; it was the Abomination, Visser Three. He was the only Yeerk to ever take over an Andalite body.

You could just tell when it was Visser Three. He resonates with evil, and now he was standing in our way to the only object for getting off this planet.

< Visser Three! > Elfangor said, his voice full of hatred and spite.

< Ah, young Elfangor, I am pleased to see that you remember me. > Visser Three turned his stalk eyes toward me. < And who is this lovely friend of yours?. >

I've never met Visser Three before, but I already hated him. After all, he called me lovely. < My name is Prince Shãron-Stargoot-Arans. >

< Shãron-Stargoot-Arans? You must be the great War-Prince Arans's daughter. He always said he would name his son after him. >

He was testing me, trying to make me mad. And it worked. I swung my tail up so I could get a better position to cut the Visser's throat.

< I can fight with my tail as good as any male. > My head was swimming, and my vision was becoming cloudy. I could only see directly in front, or back, of me. There was no way that I could defeat the evil Visser in a tail fight.

Suddenly a shot of pain came right up into my head. I teetered back, but Elfangor caught me before I slipped and fell down the large ramp we were on.

< Oh, I am sorry, you must have gotten poked by one of our poisoned darts. Oh well, there's no antidote, you know. >

< Yeah, we know, you alien scumball. > The Visser's face became all bunched up, like he was concentrating on something.

< Arrrrgghhh! > There was another shot of pain. Then it came to me. Somehow Visser Three was controlling the poison from the dart.

< Elfangor, it's him! > I pointed my finger to the Visser. < He is controlling the poison inside of me. >

< What are you talking about? >

I had no time to explain it to him, so I grabbed Visser Three's front leg, and threw him down the ramp. I used my strong arms to throw Visser Three instead of using my tail. Which was the last thing he was expecting, so the Visser didn't fight me.

Elfangor just stared at me, but he said nothing further. The Visser tumbled and fell. He must have been knocked out, because he didn't get up after he hit the bottom.

< Come on, let's get going. >

My vision was so bad I could only make out silhouettes, and the pain was excruciating. That was probably why I didn't see it coming.

While Elfangor was starting to climb into the ship, some Zeldans had surrounded us. They threw ropes and nets at me. The ropes were heavy and I had about a dozen nets on me, and one rope per limb. I tugged and pulled, but I couldn't get free.

Elfangor started to climb out of the ship, but I pushed him back in and screamed, < I am a goner, just go back to the ship with out me. >

< No, I won't leave you! >

< GO!! >

I was dragged down the ramp to the feet of Visser Three. I could hear the engines starting on the ship, so I knew Elfangor listened to me.

I lay helpless at the feet of the Visser.

There was nothing that I could do. I was prepared to give my life for my homeworld, but I still had no idea how big this adventure was going to turn out to be. Slowly the Visser aimed a Dracon beam at me, said < Goodbye, Shãron-Stargoot-Arans, > and fired.

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Chapter Twelve

I didn't die. Instead, I found myself locked up inside a room. I woke up slowly, my head throbbing with pain. What am I doing alive!?

The room I was in was not very long, but very, very high. There were no windows, and the room was a blinding white.

I got to my feet, and I checked myself out. I had no broken bones, and the pain in my head was dissipating. I no longer felt groggy; instead I was wide awake. My vision was also as clear as ever. I was no longer having any noticeable symptoms of the poison.

I stretched my tail out. I must have been laying on it, because it was numb. I had no idea where I was, or how long I had been knocked out. I didn't care if I had been out for five hours or five minutes. I am impatient, and I wanted to find out what was going to happen to me.

< VISSER THREE!!! > I just thought that he would like to know that I am awake now. A door appeared on a far wall, and the Visser stepped through.

< You called? > All that Visser Three had for a weapon on him, that I could see, was his tail. Also, no Hork-Bajir followed him. Nothing else came in, not even a vile Taxxon.

< What do you want from me? >

The Visser sent me an evil smile and said, < Nothing really. I just saw that you were in trouble, and decided to save you. >

< What are you talking about!? You fired that Dracon beam at me! > I was mad. He was just playing mind games with me, and it made me want to destroy him.

< I saved you from the Andalite filth, and the repulsive Elfangor, > I stood there and glowered at him. < You are going to be infested with one of the greatest Yeerks that ever lived. My mate Visser thirty-eight. > I staggered back, like he had just hit me. Becoming a Controller would be worse than the humans' 'Hell', the last thing any Andalite would ever want. A fate far worse than death. If I was infested, I would become the second Andalite-Controller.

Then it hit me. Did he know that I no longer had any poison in me? There was only one way to be sure. I let all my muscles sag, and I even let my tail touch the ground, which drove all my natural instincts crazy. I leaned back without falling and asked, < What about the poison inside of me, you know, the one with no antidote. >

Visser Three looked at my tired, sagging shape, and laughed. < Ha, there's an antidote. I just won't administer it to you until you're one of us. >

< Scum. Alien sludge. Slimy, life-sucking slug, I will never let you infest me. I will kill myself, > I swung my tail up closer to my throat.

< Oh, I really had hoped that you wouldn't resort to violence, but if you're going to threaten yourself, I am just going to have to stun you again. > Visser Three suddenly pulled a Dracon beam out from behind his back.

< Why did you wait until now to infest me? Why didn't you do it earlier? > That was one of the biggest questions on my mind. Why didn't they? I mean, they had the time. I guess that I am lucky that they didn't yet.

< Plain and simple. Those stupid Zeldans thought you were dead, and they told me to wait and see if you were still alive. >

An Andalite's tail is fast, but a Dracon beam is faster. I had no hope of slitting my throat before Visser Three fired the Dracon beam. I slowly lowered my tail, and backed away. A doorway appeared again and the Visser left my cell, probably to get ready for the infestation.

I felt terrible, even though I had done the right thing. I backed away from being killed, and it scared me. I was willing to give my life for Elfangor before, but now I am not so sure. I was somehow going to have to escape from here, and contact our ship. But what if I don't escape... then I am going to have to kill myself. There was no other answer. I wasn't going to let any Yeerk get in my head, let alone Visser Three's mate. Yuck, I couldn't even stand being in the vicinity of Visser Three for more than a few minutes.

I was scared, though. I didn't want to die, but if I become a Controller then my family will be shamed, just like Seerow's and Alloran's. My father did not need that; he would probably disown me anyway. He has had a bad time ever since my mom died. She died when I was real young, and my dad had to quit the military in order to raise me.

I stopped thinking about death, and began to think about a plan to get myself out of this white waiting room to Hell. The minutes ticked away slowly, as I waited for Visser Three. I was laying on the floor, pretty much doing nothing.

My plan was that I was going to wait until they came in to get me, then I am going to act as if the pain from the poison is unbearable. When they get close enough to me, I will then attack with my tail.

Somehow I should be able to get a Dracon beam, then I'll get to a control panel, and call Elfangor. My plan was going to depend on a lot of luck, but it has to work. It just has to. There was no way that I was going to become a Controller, no way. And if they capture me again, then, well... I'll kill myself, that's the only answer.

< All right, Shãron-Stargoot-Arans, it's time you become Visser Thirty-Eight. > I shuddered at the thought of becoming Visser Thirty-Eight, Visser Three's mate. I calmed down, and watched as a door appeared again. Now it was on a different wall, just as I expected. This time Visser Three didn't enter; instead, the soldiers of the Yeerk empire came in. Hork-Bajir. There were only two of them, the one on my right holding the Dracon beam. I watched as they both came completely into the room with my stalk eyes.

Then I started convulsing. I shook my body with everything that I had. The Hork-Bajir came closer to inspect me.

They were both about seven feet tall, and had lades at each of their joints. Hork-Bajir have scaly skin, and a snakelike head. They also have a long tail they use to steady themselves.

The two Hork-Bajir glanced at each other, not quite sure what to do. The one holding the Dracon beam came closer to me. Then I attacked. I cut the Hork-Bajir's arm with my tail, and grabbed the Dracon beam that he dropped. I tried to fit it into my hand, but I found it difficult to get all seven of my fingers around it. The first Hork-Bajir was down on the floor, clutching his arm in pain. I aimed the Dracon beam at the other Hork-Bajir by the door, and fired. The air cracked and sizzled around the beam. The Dracon beam was on a low setting, so the Hork-Bajir only fell to the ground and didn't die.

I leapt over the two fallen warriors, and ran out the door. Before I left, though, I pushed a panel on the wall, which closed the door and sealed the Hork-Bajir in.

I was standing in a long corridor. There was nothing technical down the corridor, except for a bunch of doors. What am I going to do? If I go too far I could get lost or caught, and how am I going to contact Elfangor? There was a door immediately across from my cell. That's when I got my idea.

I was excited, and I had a ray of hope because I escaped from my cell, but I was still angry at someone. Let me tell you something, you do not want to make an Andalite angry. Our bodies become filled with something like human adrenaline, and we become fixed on one thing, killing our loathed enemies. Right now I was mad at the Visser. He stopped me from leaving, he shot me, he threatened me, he tried to make me a Controller, and now he was going to make me do something stupid. I was tired, dehydrated, and starving. There was no way that I could fight my instincts to destroy, so I ducked into a dark room that was across from my cell, and waited for the one I was going to kill.

I was going to kill Visser Three.

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Chapter Thirteen

The room I was in had no type of windows, and I couldn't see the walls because it had no illumination. I searched the wall for a light, and found another little node, like the one I found at the mountain. I pressed it, and the whole room lit up. It was also painted a blinding white, like my cell. But it had a sort of hole in one of its walls, like someone escaped from there.

I quickly checked the door to make sure that it would still open, just in case I was in another cell. To my enjoyment, and despair, it would still open. I waited for Visser Three. While I did I formed a plan to kill him, then myself.

I had no hope of escaping after I kill Visser Three. Instead I shall destroy my own life, but I will go out with a bang.

It didn't take long for the Visser to realize that something was wrong. He appeared out of no where, but I was ready. I shut off the lights, then I opened up the door a crack.

First the Visser entered my cell, and found the Hork-Bajir. I could tell that he was yelling at them, but I couldn't hear exactly what he was saying. Then the Visser stopped yelling, and came out of my cell. He had blood on his tail, and I knew that he had killed the two Hork-Bajir who had lost me. They had both paid the terrible price for failing the Yeerks.

I was ready. I coiled all my muscles, and erupted from the cell. I watched, as I came bounding out of nowhere, the fear in Visser Three's eyes.

But all of a sudden his fear disappeared and returned as enjoyment. I raised my tail to his throat, but I had a sinking feeling of impending danger. I turned my stalk eyes to look behind me, when I saw a Hork-Bajir. He took his big fist, and lifted it back. I tried to use my tail, but I wasn't fast enough. The Hork-Bajir knocked me out cold. I fought to remain conscious for five minutes, and then I finally regained consciousness. There were chains around my arms and four legs. I brought my tail to my face, and I found a sheath on it.

The Hork-Bajir that had punched me was now dragging me down the corridor in the dirt. I could tell that we were on an incline, heading down. They were taking me to the Yeerk Pool!!

< NO, I will never be your mate! >

< You aren't exactly in a position to negotiate, > Visser Three snapped.

I could feel my hearts breaking; he was right, I am done for. I could smell that vile Pool smell, and I knew that we were close. There were lots of Hork-Bajir scurrying around, and a handful of Zeldans. I was dragged to the edge of the Yeerk Pool.

I was gone... what could I do? Now I was going to have to go around hurting the ones I love. They pushed my head underwater, and that's when the world fell apart.

The ceiling began to crumble away, dust and dirt was flying everywhere. Hork-Bajir stopped worrying about me trying to escape, and they began to worry about their own lives.

Visser Three was not going to have chaos, so he screamed, < STOP!! >

Everyone in the place froze. No one dared to move a muscle and defy the mighty Visser Three.

< Someone grab that Andalite! > But by the time that Visser Three said that I had already gotten the chains and the sheath off. I was now ready for some action.

The ceiling began to give way, until I saw a ship that was long and thin. It was red in color, and had yellow fins. I have definitely seen this thing before.

< Elfangor!! >

< Someone stop that thing, or am I the only one awake on this planet!!? > Visser Three howled.

No one moved, mostly in fear of either my tail, or the evil Visser's wrath. The ship broke through, all the way into the Yeerk Pool. The top of the ship popped open, and Elfangor emerged triumphantly. I started to run to him, but Visser Three got in my way.

He raised his tail up and said, < The poison inside of her is making her slow. There is no way that she could ever win in a tail fight against me. > Elfangor stepped back like he was telling the truth. No, he is lying, can't you see how much better I am!? < Give yourself up, and she will live. >

< Yeah, as a Yeerk. >

< You shut up, > the Visser hissed, and then he turned his stalk eyes to me.

Elfangor gave me a sad look, but then he smiled and said, < NEVER! >

He jumped out of the ship, and started to run to me. If he thought that he was going to be able to stop the Visser then he was crazy. I would; besides, I had to get back at Visser Three for that crack about me never beating him in a tail fight.

Visser Three turned to me, while keeping his stalk eyes on Elfangor, and said, < Goodbye my dear, I am sorry that we couldn't be together. >

< Oh, go roll around in the mud. >

The Visser started to go in for the kill, but I beat him to it by swinging my arm and knocking him out. Elfangor ran to my side, and then he looked at the unconscious Visser with an approving smile.

I looked at him and asked, < What took you so long? >

< Traffic. Come on, let's get out of this hellhole. >

Hork-Bajir rushed to help the fallen Visser, but instead they all met with the same fate as their 'beloved' leader. Everyone broke from their freeze after Visser Three fell. Zeldans started to run around crazily, while Hork-Bajir tried to save as many Yeerks as possible from the Pool.

< Wait a minute, Elfangor, there's something that I have to do. >

I ran back to the Pool, and stuck my head in. Slowly a Yeerk swam toward my head. It was Visser Three's mate, Visser Thirty-Eight. She got closer, and closer. I reached my tail over my back and then I struck. Now I had a dead Yeerk stuck to my tail.

I stuck my head out of the Pool, and pulled that wretched Yeerk off of my tail.

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Chapter Fourteen

I ran back to Elfangor and he asked, < What was that for? >

< I'll tell you later. >

We ran to our ship, but first we met some Hork-Bajir. Elfangor took care of the first one with his tail, and I could see that he was letting his instincts take over.

While Elf was taking care of the first one, another Hork-Bajir ran to him. I tapped him on the shoulder and said, < Excuse me, but are you looking for me? > The Hork-Bajir slashed at me with one of his elbow blades. I dodge it in the nick of time, by about two millimeters, and I introduced him to my tail.

Elfangor gave me a sideways glance, and we continued on to the ship. Suddenly a Zeldan came out of nowhere. I picked up my tail, but Elfangor said, < Friend. > I lowered my tail, but not by much.

< What is it, Verax? > Elfangor questioned the Zeldan.

< Don't waste your time going to the ship, it's all out of fuel. You wouldn't even be able to get off the ground. >

< Elfangor? >

< Not now ShÃ©ron, I have to think. > Why won't he listen to me!? Sometimes Elfangor just makes me want to scream.

< But Elfangor, I have a plan. I know where we can get some fuel. >

We ran through a hidden doorway to the outside. As it turned out, I was back in the corridor again where Suran had left us.

< Elfangor, how did you find me? >

< That ship that I borrowed was actually controlled by the resistance. They took over the controls of the ship, and brought me to their headquarters. There I told them about how we fight the Yeerks. Then I asked about you. They said that you were not killed, and that Visser Three was holding you for infestation. One of their operatives gave you the antidote to the poison inside of you. I took the ship and ran it through the ceiling. >

< You are crazy, but I am so glad to see you. > I smiled at Elfangor and he smiled back at me.

< All right, now that you've been caught up, how are we going to get some fuel? > asked Verax.

< There is nothing inside of that building. > Verax and Elfangor gave

me a look that said 'duh', as you humans would put it. < They keep everything inside of that mountain, you know, the one that you followed me into. > I glanced at Elfangor, and he cowered back for a minute.

< Of course, it would be the perfect hiding place, > Verax said, more to himself than us.

We decided to go to the Yeerks' mountain supply. We had to get there fast, so we were going to use a piece of Zeldan technology.

Verax pulled a tarp off of three motor vehicles which had a flat bottom, and another piece of metal in the front for steering.

< A motorbike, > Elfangor muttered.

< What? >

< They were... are... a type of transportation that humans use on the planet Earth. >

We all loaded up and took off across this desert to the mountains. The dust ripped around us, and I found it difficult to keep my balance. Meanwhile, Verax was holding on tightly with his large arms. The motor was whirring and whizzing, and I could not hear anything over its noise.

We came to a narrowed area in the mountains that was going to be hard to pass. Everything was flying madly around us. Dust, dirt, rocks, you name it.

Finally we came to a wall. I shut off the motor, and searched for the node. I couldn't find it!

< What are you doing? > snapped Verax. He may be a friend, but I sure don't like him very much.

< I am looking for a little node. It is the key to getting inside. >

< Oh let's just shot our way in. >

< No, you idiot, > I snapped, < if you do that then they'll know that we're here! >

< Hey, I think I found it, > Elfangor said.

He pushed it, and the mountain began to rock back and forth. It shook until the door slid open. The lights clicked on, while Verax and Elfangor looked inside with amazement.

< Yeah, Oooh. Ahhh, > I said sarcastically, < Now come on, we have to get in before the door closes. >

Everyone stepped cautiously inside, and the door slammed with a deafening bang. The whole light schematic looked similar to what I had seen before, yet at the same time it was different.

< All right, ShÃ©ron, where is their fuel supply. We know that it is not in orbit around our planet. >

< How do you know my name? >

< I told him, > Elfangor said.

< You know what, I don't know where the Yeerks keep the fuel. I really didn't look around all that much before. > Verax gave me a sour look. < If I could have, I would've taken the tour. Do you know their hours? >

< Funny, real funny. If you don't know where they keep their fuel, then how are we supposed to get it? > asked Verax.

I glanced at Elfangor, and he saw the answer in my eyes. I leaned over to Verax and said, < Elfangor and I are going to morph, go right in, and take it. >

< Shãron, what are we going to morph, birds? >

< Good joke, Elfangor. No, we are going to morph him. > I pointed my finger to Verax.

< Me!? You are going to morph _me_!!? >

< Yeah, don't worry, you won't be hurt. If anything, we will be the ones in danger. >

< Don't worry, all we have to do is acquire your DNA patterns, > Elfangor said reassuringly.

I reached my hand over, and touched Verax's scaly skin. I began to focus on him. He became sleepy and his eyes began to flutter. Now I had Zeldan DNA inside of me.

First my front legs began to shrink. My shoulders doubled in size and my hands grew larger. Suddenly three extra fingers shot out of both of my hands. My fur ran together to form skin, and then a scaly pattern formed. I felt a little jolt of surprise as my third heart stopped beating. Suddenly my stalk eyes went dark as they dissolved. My front legs shrunk and then sucked up into my chest. My tail grew longer, but my blade disappeared. My back legs grew larger and stronger. I leaned forward on my now-larger arms to keep myself from falling.

Then suddenly the Zeldan's mind clicked on. I was hungry, beyond hungry. I was famished, so I took a long deep breath with the slit on my head. I needed the nutrients in the air; that's what kept me alive. I became fixed on breathing.

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Chapter Fifteen

In...

Out...

In...

< Shã@ron! Shã@ron, can you hear me? >

Out...

No time for me to worry about him or anyone else. I wanted to eat. I needed to breathe the nutrients in.

In...

< Shã@ron come on your an Andalite, not a Zeldan. >

Ou--

All of a sudden my mind came back into focus. Shakily I said, < Yeah... I am here, I guess. Elfangor, when you morph, be careful of the great need to breathe. >

< Breathe? >

< Yeah, you'll know what I mean. >

I watched as Elfangor turned into an exact copy of me. There were three aliens standing on this small staircase. Three very identical aliens.

< Verax, I think that you had better wait outside. Explaining twins would be hard, but triplets... that will be next to impossible. >

< Verax, go and get backup. Perhaps you can contact the Crelantch, > Elfangor said.

< Yeah, I know what you're getting at. I am leaving; just be careful, both of you. >

The door opened as Verax left, and then Elfangor and I headed down the long staircase. These stairs were obviously built with the Zeldans in mind. They were long, so I used my arms to help balance me.

I could still 'smell' the vile water, only I could smell it in a more interesting way. I used my slit on my head, which tasted the air.

No matter what morph I am in, the Yeerk Pool always smells the same. It reeks of evil, pain, and sorrow.

We were going to have to start acting like Yeerks instead of like friendly Andalites. Yeerks hate everyone, even themselves. They are a very jealous race. They all want all of the power and all of the fame in the Universe. They are known to even kill their own mate, if they get in the way.

I ran a little bit ahead of Elfangor, to make it seem like we weren't there together. I came to the foot of the stairs, and I couldn't help but stare in wonder.

When I was a bug, I could only see about two inches in front of me. Now I could see far into the distance. The Yeerk Pool was huge, the largest one that I have ever seen in my life. It had a handful of

Hork-Bajir working on it, but the Yeerks were not going to have this Pool ready for a long time. All that they had built was the actual Pool, and it contained a little bit of water. Otherwise, there were no cages, nothing.

I quickly realized what I was doing, so I snapped out of my awe and continued on my journey. Everything was sitting out in the open; all I had to do was grab the container with the fuel. But which one was it... they all looked the same!

< Elfangor, > I whispered, < what are we going to do, which one contains the fuel? >

Elfangor gazed around the Pool, and it was almost strange. Elfangor had to turn around to see behind him instead of using his stalk eyes.

< There, > he said pointing his finger to a small grouping of barrels.

< You used this slit-mouth thing, didn't you? > Elfangor scrunched his shoulders together and I said, < Very resourceful. It is too bad that we are already Princes, I believe that you deserve a promotion. >

We walked over to the barrels. I reached down and picked one up.

< Hey what are you doing, the Visser told me to do this job. > I turned around, and I was face to face with another Zeldan. He was no Zeldan though; it was obviously a Controller.

< The Visser changed his mind, and he wants for me to take care of this job! > I said in the cruelest voice I could.

To my relief the Zeldan turned away, but I couldn't take my eyes off of him. I have seen him somewhere before. Oh _no_! I started to demorph double-time.

< ShÃ©ron, what are you doing! >

< That Zeldan was Visser Three in a morph. > Elfangor began to morph, but I told him not to waste his time, we had to get out of there _now_.

Elfangor picked up the barrel, and we started to run back up the stairs. I was now completely Andalite, while Elfangor was still a Zeldan. Visser Three caught on, and he began to chase us down.

Hork-Bajir began to jump in our way, but I took care of most of them with my tail. Elfangor actually punched one out with his fist.

We were going to make it! We were already half way up the stairs when Visser Three figured out what we had. < No, that's our fuel! >

We ran up all the way up the stairs. I turned and started to make faces at Visser Three. I reached up and punched the node.

Nothing happened! Elfangor then punched the whole wall with his fist. He left a little indent, but still nothing happened.

< Aha, now you two realize what's going on. > I glanced at Elfangor, and we both knew that the end was coming.

< Shãron, there's something that I need to tell you. >

< I know, Elfangor. I've always known, on some level. >

* * *

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Chapter Sixteen

Suddenly the door popped open. We jumped back just in the nick of time. Actually the door was kicked open, by a Crelantch. Verax leapt down off the back of the Crelantch.

< VERAX! > I have never been so happy to see someone in my life. Verax leaned down and asked, < Do you guys need a lift? >

< Yeah that would be nice right about now, > Elfangor said.

We rode on the back of the Crelantch to where the ship was. We started to climb into the ship while some Zeldans loaded the fuel.

< It won't be easy getting off of this planet. You are going to have to go against Yeerk patrol forces. >

< Thank you for bringing her back to me, Verax. >

< And thank you for exposing the Yeerks' weak spot. We should be able to fight them from now on. >

We started the engines of the ship, and I said goodbye to this dusty planet.

The Yeerks aimed at us, but we were out of there before they even had a lock on us.

We had survived, which was the last thing that I would have ever expected. I still don't understand how we did it.

I leaned back. This was one of the most tiring missions that I have ever been on.

Elfangor set our destination for the Dome ship, just outside of the nebula. Our home, the _StarSword... it has been so long since I've seen it. Do I even remember where my quarters are? _

_< Elfangor, I just realized that we never did map the nebula. >

_

_< You know what, I say that we most definitely do not want to consider this a hiding place. > _

_I laughed and said, < Is that what you are going to say to the captain? I am sure he should find it a very interesting report. >

_

_Elfangor started to laugh to, but suddenly he became very serious. < ShÃ©ron, I almost lost you. I don't think that I could ever live with that without telling you this. You are my friend, my _shorm_. To me you are more than just my _shorm_, though. You know that you are beautiful on the outside, but you are also very, very beautiful on the inside. That is the part of you that I fell in love with, your inside. I just wanted to tell you that, and I can understand why you don't share these feelings. > _

_I sighed, and stared into all of Elfangor's eyes. All four of them. They were such a soft green, so I let my feelings come through. < Now, come on Elfangor, you know that I love you. But it always has been a kind of forbidden love. You know that if we were together at first we would be given a bad assignment, and if we were joined... Then we would have to leave the military, we would be discharged. That is one of the scariest things in the world to me. You know yourself that the military is my home, more than where I grew up is. I guess that I never really had the guts to face up to my feelings, until I nearly died. > _

_Elfangor came closer to me, then he held my hand and said quietly, < I didn't want to face up to my feelings either, but for a totally different reason. You know the story about the Ellimist and my son? I found out that I am going to die in order to give some human children a weapon to fight the Yeerks. I didn't want to have to drag anyone else into this mess. I am sorry. > _

_< Elfangor, why are you sorry? I find it very exciting and challenging. > _

_< ShÃ©ron, there is something that I need to ask you, a favor. >
_

_I would do anything for my friend, my love. < Anything, what is it? > _

_< When I die... > He paused, and stared at me. < When I die, I want for you to come to Earth. There you will find my son. I want for you to tell him the truth, and to help guide him. And my brother will be there... he... they could all use some expertise in fighting the Yeerks. > _

_< How many of them are there? > I asked. _

_< There will be five humans, and one Andalite. Aximili, my brother. > _

_< Elfangor, you are connected to Earth, so now I am as well. Of course I will. I will contact your brother, and I shall find your son. > _

We traveled to our ship, and to our future destiny of helping these five children destroy the Yeerk invasion of their homeworld.

End
file.